THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXV No. 2160 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 14 1941

★ MACVITA ★ MACVITA ★ MACVITA ★ MACVITA ★ MACVITA ★

MACVITA

MACVITA

Delicious with butter, preserves or cheese but equally satisfying without. The best of English wheat—*at its best.*

Made only by McVitie & Price

★ MACVITA ★ MACVITA ★ MACVITA ★ MACVITA ★ MACVITA ★

KING SIX CIGARS

8D. *each*

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD.

MAKERS OF FINE CIGARS SINCE 1839

PADDY

FINEST QUALITY WHISKY

The Cork Distilleries Co. Ltd., Cork, Ireland.

Have a Bass to-day

TRADE MARK

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

When you are dining out ask for Drambuie. You will enjoy its exquisite flavour and intriguing bouquet.

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

By Appointment

Cerebos Salt

THE SALT OF HOSPITALITY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

DE RESZKE —*of course!*

FIRST ATLANTIC FLIGHT

22nd Anniversary

History was made just 22 years ago when the Atlantic was crossed for the first time by direct flight.

JUNE 14, 1919

Rolls-Royce engines provided the power, in a Vickers-Vimy Biplane. The pilots were Alcock and Brown.

In "The Battle of Britain" the author writes: "*Nothing like it has ever been fought before in the history of mankind. To combat this formidable array (of German fighters and bombers) the Royal Air Force used the Spitfire, the Hurricane and the Boulton-Paul Defiant.*" . . . Again the engines were Rolls-Royce.

ROLLS-ROYCE

AERO ENGINES *for* SPEED and RELIABILITY

KIA-ORA

"Good Health!" and good health

We share your regret: the best long drink is, alas, sometimes in short supply.

Summit Shirts – keep up the good work

CONDITIONS over which we have no control have not affected the standard of our shirts. At Austin Reed's you will find pre-war quality of material and workmanship; a determined refusal by our shirts to shrink, fade or fray; and, of course, three lengths of sleeve. The unavoidable increase in price still represents the full Austin Reed value. 10/6, 12/6 upwards.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull Leeds, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton.

Pain after Meals

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a box of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 7d. and 1/1½d. **Also family sizes 2/3 and 3/11½d.** (Including Purchase Tax). Obtainable everywhere.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' BRAND TABLETS

SLIP A BOX IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Volume CLXV No. 2160

The SPHERE, London, June 14, 1941

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 14, 1941

LEADERS OF BRITAIN'S WAR EFFORT: THE PRIME MINISTER AND OUR FIGHTING CHIEFS WATCH AN A.A. DEMONSTRATION DURING A VISIT TO AN AIR STATION OF THE BOMBER COMMAND

The Prime Minister, still pursuing his plan of seeing things for himself, has just visited an air station of the Bomber Command, and other places of importance within this island. Amongst the things he witnessed was the launching of a Queen Bee—a seaplane which is flown by wireless control from the ground, without a pilot ; a Flying Fortress four-engined bomber of the type which are now being flown across the Atlantic from America ; and an anti-aircraft demonstration. In the above picture are seen (from left to right) Professor F. A. Lindemann, personal assistant to the Prime Minister since 1940 ; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff ; Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, the First Sea Lord ; and Mr. Winston Churchill. Professor Lindemann is a most interesting personality, rarely caught by the camera ; he is regarded as one of the select "Brain Trust" who advise the Premier on a host of technical matters, including inventions and the latest developments in modern warfare

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

a

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 93

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Politics and Strategy.—

To defend our oil supplies and the Canal, all military common sense urges the supreme importance of our occupying Syria and holding it strongly before the German grip on it becomes ineradicable. The political aspect envisages in such a move the final and open throwing of France into the arms of the Nazis, as active partners in the war against Britain. It is exactly what the Nazis are waiting for us to do. The dilemma which faces us is plain enough. Is the political probability of such gravity as to justify our failure to achieve the military essential? Who dares to decide in ignorance of all known factors, when those in the know still hesitate at the eleventh hour? This at least we know. Australia is by no means prepared to endure in silence another onslaught on her finest troops by a prepared enemy, armed with every known mechanical weapon of death and with a plan of campaign worked out to the last detail, while there is no compensating and corresponding broad plan, and no support from aeroplanes and tanks and A.-A. guns, on our side. Such criticism from Australia and at home is inevitable, and is justified by its generous restraint. Nowhere in the Empire are the difficulties which face General Wavell, the Fleet and the Air Forces of the Middle East underrated. They cannot be overrated. It only remains to suggest that the political issue may be less solidly material than it appears. Not only the military power of France, but the reactions of the bulk of her peoples to open intervention against Britain, may have been miscalculated and the former over-estimated. Certain it is that political considerations, if given too much scope, must always dilute the full value of any military effort; and if this is not, first and last, an essentially military issue, there never was one.

Kaiser Wilhelm II.—

The ex-Kaiser has not lived to see the end of Germany after the second World War. I fancy his responsibility for the first World War was always exaggerated, just as at one time (in 1912-14) was his power of averting it. Hitler, Nazi-ism and Prussianism have shown that he was but a part of the machinery of an inexorable movement, and perhaps not a key-part. I want to be fair to him. He had good qualities and was capable of exerting great charm, and even of doing fine actions. He had good abilities, but he had no balance and no consistent judgment. The crimes of Hitler have "half redeemed his fame." Compared with Hitler, he was a saint, a statesman and a martyr. This also is true. He behaved throughout his exile with remarkable restraint, loyalty and tact, and with a newborn judgment and balance. I have reason to know that in his family correspondence he avoided politics, and never condemned or criticised the Nazi regime. Nor did he imitate Napoleon, and in correspondence or conversation waste useless hours in justifying his own career or errors. He began life a sincere admirer of Britain and things British. His veneration for his grandmother, Queen Victoria, kept him (save on two or three notorious occasions) from outraging British opinion. He came to hate his uncle, Edward VII, almost as much as his uncle hated him. With his cousin, King George V, his relations right up and into the war of 1914 were friendly and even mutually helpful. King George gave him the right hand of friendship and a square deal. Late in his life, King George would sometimes discuss the Kaiser's career, and would trace the course of his feelings towards Britain from admiration to envy, from envy to hatred. Aping all things British in his youth, his egotistic vanity was vulnerable to the vaguest suspicion of a slight. He aped the British sportsman, and must conquer in every field of British sport. Yachting was responsible for a lot of that change from envy to hatred. With such small things are high politics concerned, and by such trifles is a people's destiny built up! Long after the war and in his years of exile, he still had a fair deal from his cousins in Britain. No hard things were said of him, no trenchant judgments of him encouraged. If ever a man was punished for his faults and weaknesses, that man was; and British justice was satisfied to leave judgment to God and to leave the man on the ground unkicked. Yes, through bitter lessons and by the accident of his successor's crimes, Kaiser Wilhelm II, once the most-talked-of figure in Europe, "half redeemed his fame" in an obscurity which once must have appeared an unspeakable torture and nightmare to his vanity and egotism.

GERMANY CONTINUES TO ATTACK NEUTRALS: THE AFTERMATH OF THE BOMBING OF DUBLIN: Early on the morning of Saturday, May 31, the capital of neutral Eire was subjected to a savage bombing from the air by the German *Luftwaffe*. The number of people killed was given as 27, and 45 were seriously injured. Twenty-five homes were destroyed and 300 rendered unfit for habitation. The neutral Eirish very soon decided that the attack was, in fact, carried out by the Germans, and they have protested to Berlin in "the strongest terms"—whatever that is worth! This picture was taken after the raid; and shows some of the homeless people with the remains of their belongings waiting for transportation to fresh homes

Lessons from Crete.—

The battle of Crete is over. It was a delaying action in the long, long (and inevitable) years of preparation for war against Germany which we so criminally and blindly put off until the war had started. As such, it was, and is, wisest to resist apologies and explanations. The battle was more than a delaying action. It was fought for our learning. I shall be surprised if it does not produce reactions in the Higher Command, and in Australia and New Zealand, and in Parliament. It will greatly affect the defence measures in Britain also; air defence, military defence, Home Guard defence, civil defence. It may affect naval defence also. And defence implies attack all the time. The capture of Crete was attained by a new science of war. It was a self-contained air invasion, and although some of us half-soldiers may not believe that such a method could hope to succeed under conditions obtaining here, we do not doubt that many theories of defence against invasion will be reconsidered and re-tested and altered. In short, we are preparing to receive another spate of paper, and in some important matters to begin all over again. It may be, in the Home Guard, we shall return to certain first principles which we were forced with misgivings to abandon.

Sir Hugh Walpole.—

As the critics said, Sir Hugh Walpole, who died young, was regarded as "an elder statesman" among novelists and literary critics. He was, I am sure, a generous-hearted and enthusiastic patron of literature and encourager of authors, though he took none more seriously than himself. His very enthusiasm and generosity perhaps affected the value of his criticism. He was a man of superlatives. He was for ever finding new "classics," sometimes on rather slender proofs of merit, or on too easy and hasty judgments. He was himself an instance of a novelist distinguished by authority among his peers for no very clear reasons of merit. As a novelist he was an honest worker with no outstanding work to his credit. Indeed, his greatest admirers would not claim that he succeeded in his ambition—to add his name to the roll of classic novelists. Perhaps his signal achievement was an early work, more in the nature of an *ex tempore* little *tour de force*. His *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* is, and will remain, readable again and again. It is a little masterpiece in the macabre, not much more than a short story. Not so his trilogies and longer novels of his later period. I do not think those will live as stories or documents of social history. Indeed, they have much in them that dates and bores and pads. Sir Hugh Walpole was a generous friend to literature at a time when friends in need were friends in—deed. But he was not outstanding as a critic, nor, in my view, as a novelist, nor as a public guide to good literature. In the last-named art he showed *trop de zèle*, and too little restraint and proportion.

Thomas Hardy MS.—

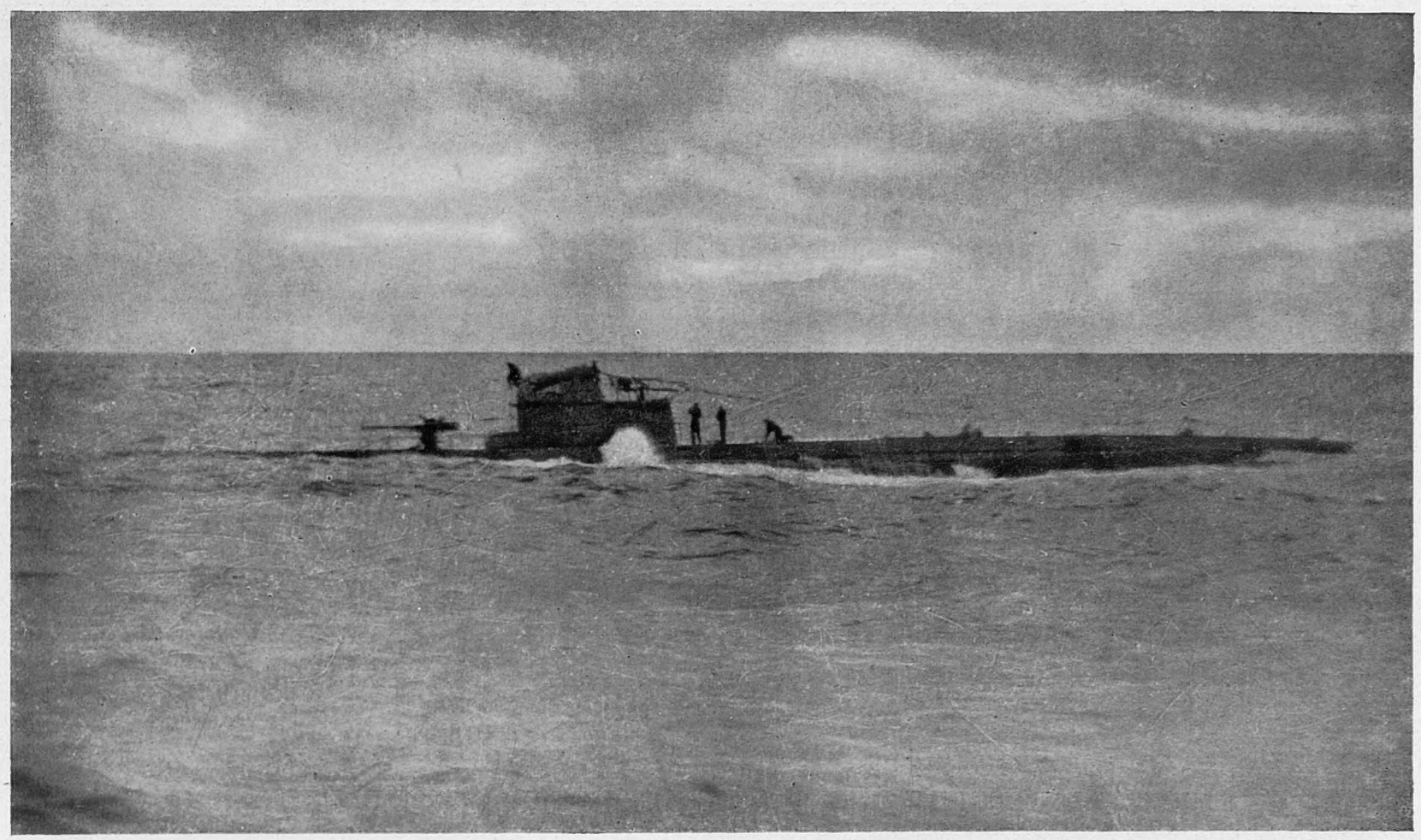
The Thomas Hardy MS. of *Far from the Madding Crowd* was knocked down to Rosenbach's for £2,000 at the Newton sale in New York the other day. Hardy died in 1928, and when this same MS. was put up for sale at Christie's in 1918 on behalf of the Red Cross, Hardy expressed surprise that it existed, and was delighted to hear that it had fetched £230. It had been unearthed by the publisher, Reginald Smith, and the price it fetched, while not excessive, was regarded as not unsatisfactory. More people than the author would have been surprised by the price paid in New York for this MS. in 1941. The news suggests several thoughts. 1. If all Red Cross sales in the late war had been conducted in America, how much higher would have been the Red Cross harvests then? 2. America to-day is the only country in which satisfactorily high (which is to say, fantastic) prices for mere "collectors' curios" can still be obtained. 3. That such prices can still be obtained is cheering news of the resources of the United States. 4. The transaction tells us a lot about the attitude of mind of a section of the American public even now. Their roots are still firmly implanted in that "old world" or "old order" from which we in Britain have been so ruthlessly and, I think, permanently uprooted. But this estimate may be modified perhaps by an imponderable measure of sentiment. The name and nature of the MS. in these days of clamour and terror and unrest were worth a thousand pounds apiece. And it was a tale of England and the peaceful English scene by a great Englishman (quite apart from literary merit). Perhaps the price paid was rather a tribute to Britain to-day than to one of her great literary sons of yesterday. Such a price for such a relic must always connote sentimentality of *some kind somewhere*. It may not have been Rosenbach's sentimentality, but the ultimate purchaser of such things must always reveal more sentimentality than business acumen.

THE OLD STAGER

LEND OR SHARE THIS COPY

Owing to paper restrictions, it has become necessary to ration the circulation of "The Sphere" each week. This means that the number of copies available for sale by your retailer will, to some extent, be curtailed.

The Proprietors, therefore, make an appeal to all readers to *lend or share their copies*; or to come to some arrangement with friends whereby all who desire to read "The Sphere" may do so.



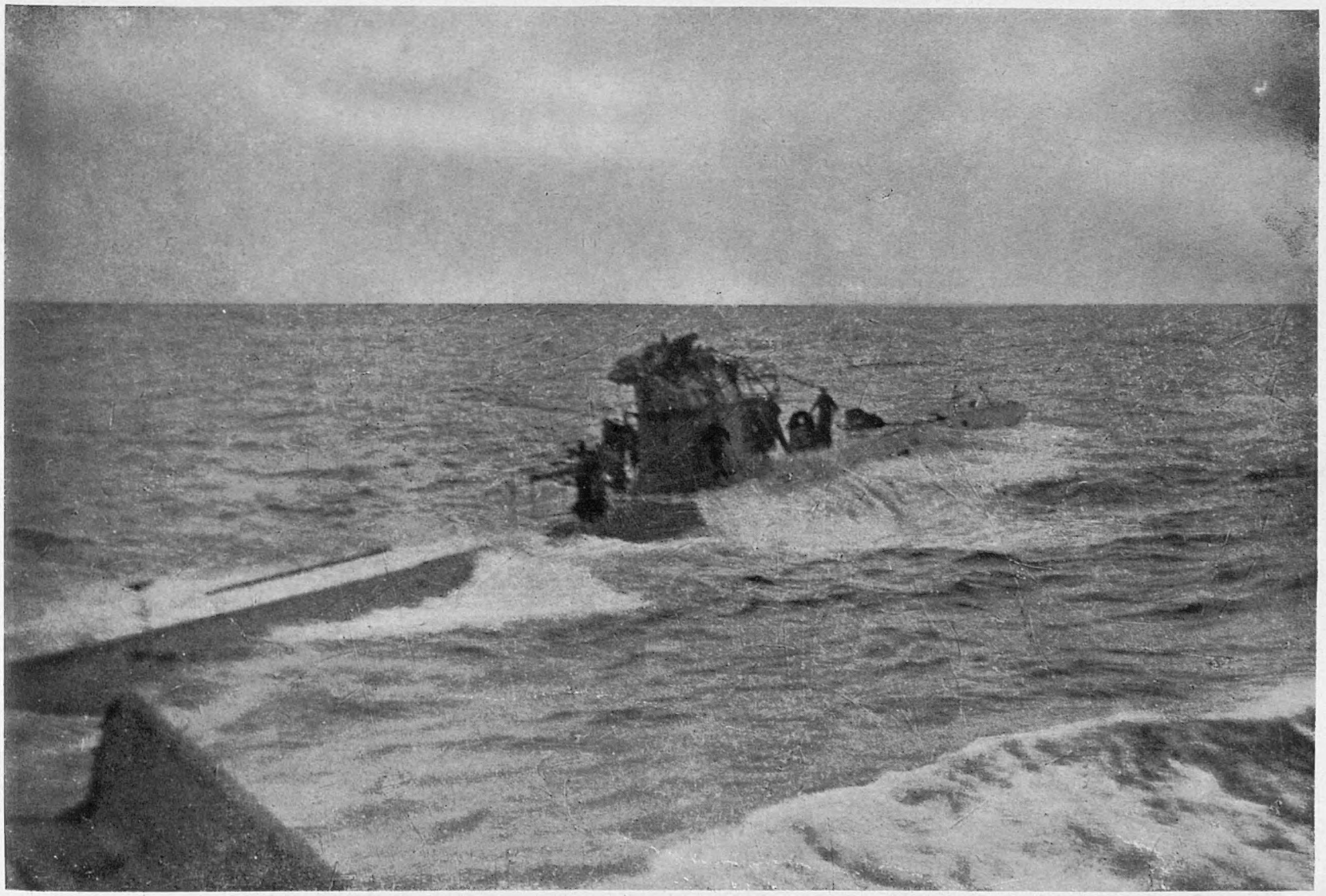
TWO AMAZING PICTURES

The End of a German Submarine During the "Battle of the Atlantic"

—Pictures which were taken just before the U-boat went down to her doom

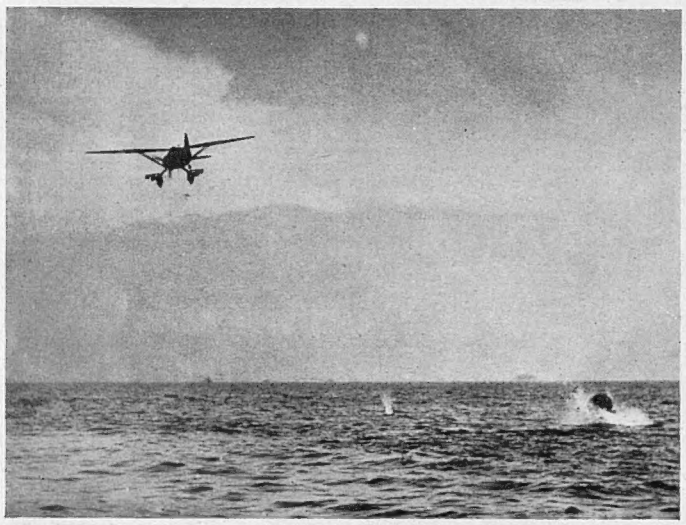
WITH ITS CONNING-TOWER WRECKED BY SHELLS, another U-boat goes down to its doom out in the Atlantic. The crew are about to abandon ship

It is not often that we are able to present to our readers such vivid pictures as the two reproduced here. Most of the work of the Royal Navy is, of necessity, shrouded in secrecy; and although similar pictures do undoubtedly exist, it is not always advisable to publish them. Mr. Churchill has, more than once, commented on the progress of the Battle of the Atlantic: the enemy are making every endeavour to throttle Britain and to cut her ocean life-lines with the rest of the world, particularly the United States, whence so many vital supplies are reaching this country. From time to time the landing of German submarine crews as prisoners at British ports is chronicled, thus supplying evidence that the Royal Navy is taking a considerable toll of the enemy's trained personnel. These two pictures actually show the finish of a submarine commerce-raider in the Atlantic. The conning-tower has already been wrecked by gunfire by British war vessels, and the crew are seen preparing to leap from deck into the icy waters. The gun located forward of the conning-tower (used for shelling unarmed merchantmen) is clearly shown in the upper picture



A DRAMATIC PICTURE—SCRAMBLING OUT ON TO THE DECK, WHICH IS ALREADY AWASH, the crew of the German submarine are preparing to jump into the icy Atlantic waters just before another enemy commerce raider goes down

A TWO-MAN DINGHY, showing an aircraftman using the canvas "glove paddles" whilst his colleague wears bellows round his neck to pump in more air if required. Both are wearing skull-caps coloured yellow for easier and quicker recognition



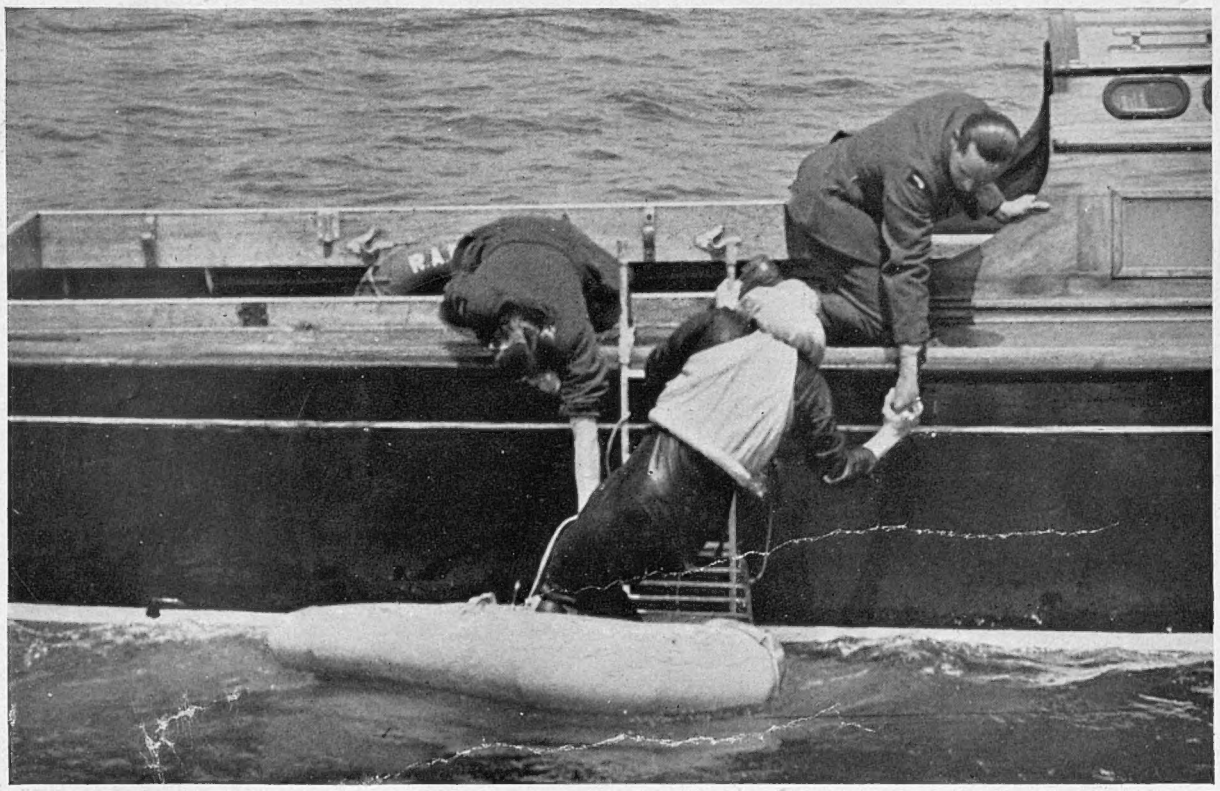
ANOTHER METHOD OF RESCUING AIRMEN: A Lysander aircraft drops a rubber dinghy close to an airman in the sea

In previous issues we have already drawn our reader's attention to the formation of the Air/Sea Rescue Service, rendered necessary by the unceasing Air Battle of Britain. This Service is operated by fleets of 40-miles-per-hour R.A.F. and naval speed launches and by Lysander aircraft specially equipped for the task. The duty of the Service is to rescue British airmen who have been forced down into the sea, and to salvage their aircraft wherever possible: the high-speed launches are stationed all round the coast and ready for action at a few moments' notice: owing to the fine equipment carried in all British aircraft (including single-seater fighters!) many rescues have already been effected. Every machine in the R.A.F. to-day carries its own dinghy: the dinghy of a fighter is unique, inasmuch as it is contained in a seat cushion 15 ins. square and 3 ins. thick—apart from inflating itself, this wonderful cushion also contains a sea anchor, paddles, rations, signals, repair kit, baler and pump!

When an airman is forced down his rubber dinghy opens on striking the surface of the water. It is of bright yellow colour and carries fluorescence dye to colour the water: this greatly assists scouting planes to locate the airman in distress. In addition, yellow skull-caps are worn—and for the same purpose. The aircraft then signals the position of the dinghy to an R.A.F. launch, which speeds to the spot and picks up airman, dinghy and whatever can be salvaged of the aircraft.

Dinghies in use in the R.A.F. are of all sizes, from the fighter's single-seater to big rubber boats capable of sustaining the crew of a bomber up to eight or even more men. The pictures reproduced on these pages will supply the reader with a number of interesting points in connection with this phase of air/sea rescue work.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT, with the "glove paddles" prominent



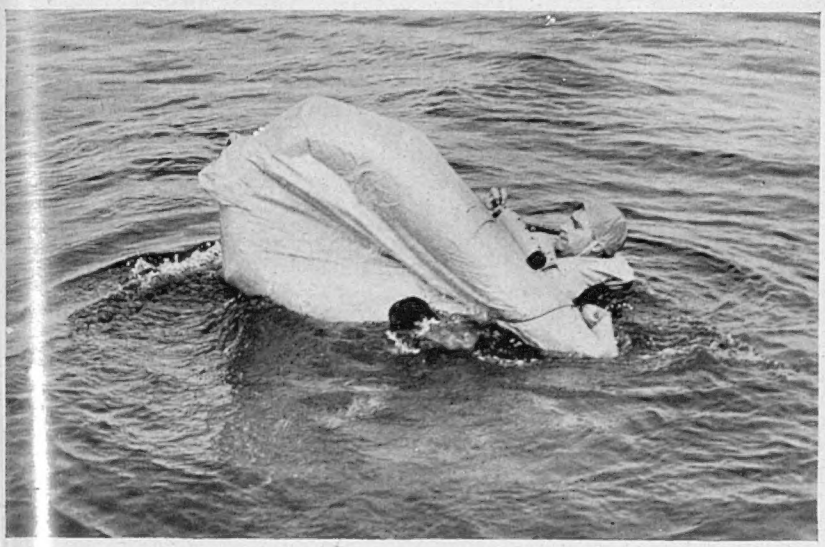
AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE HIGH-SPEED LAUNCH: An aircraftman steadies the dinghy whilst another helps the fighter-pilot aboard after the latter's descent into the sea

RESCUING THE R.A.F.

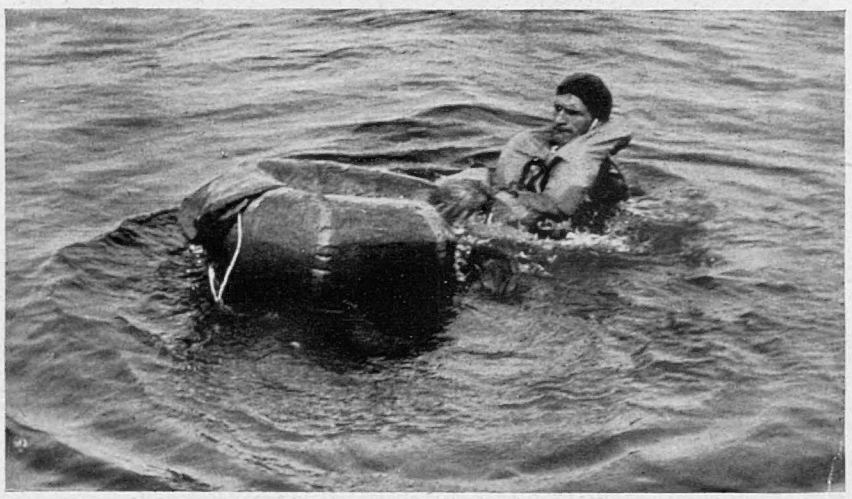
The Dinghies Which Save the Life of Our Airmen

MEN ON THE LAUNCH CAREFULLY HAUL UP A TWO-MAN DINGHY. Note the fully-inflated "Mae Wests"

ONE OF THE LARGER-TYPE R.A.F. DINGHIES, with pointed bow and sheeted stern. There are five men aboard this larger craft



A FIGHTER-PILOT IN THE SEA, showing the one-man dinghy about to open: his hand is on the bellows



HERE THE AIRMAN IS RELEASING THE FLUORESCENCE FLUID which colours the sea and enables the dinghy to be located by aircraft overhead

IN THIS CASE THE RUBBER DINGHY IN THE AIRCRAFT HAD BEEN PUT OUT OF ACTION: The one seen here had been dropped from an aircraft which had observed the descent of the aeroplane to the sea—the pilot is in process of scrambling aboard

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

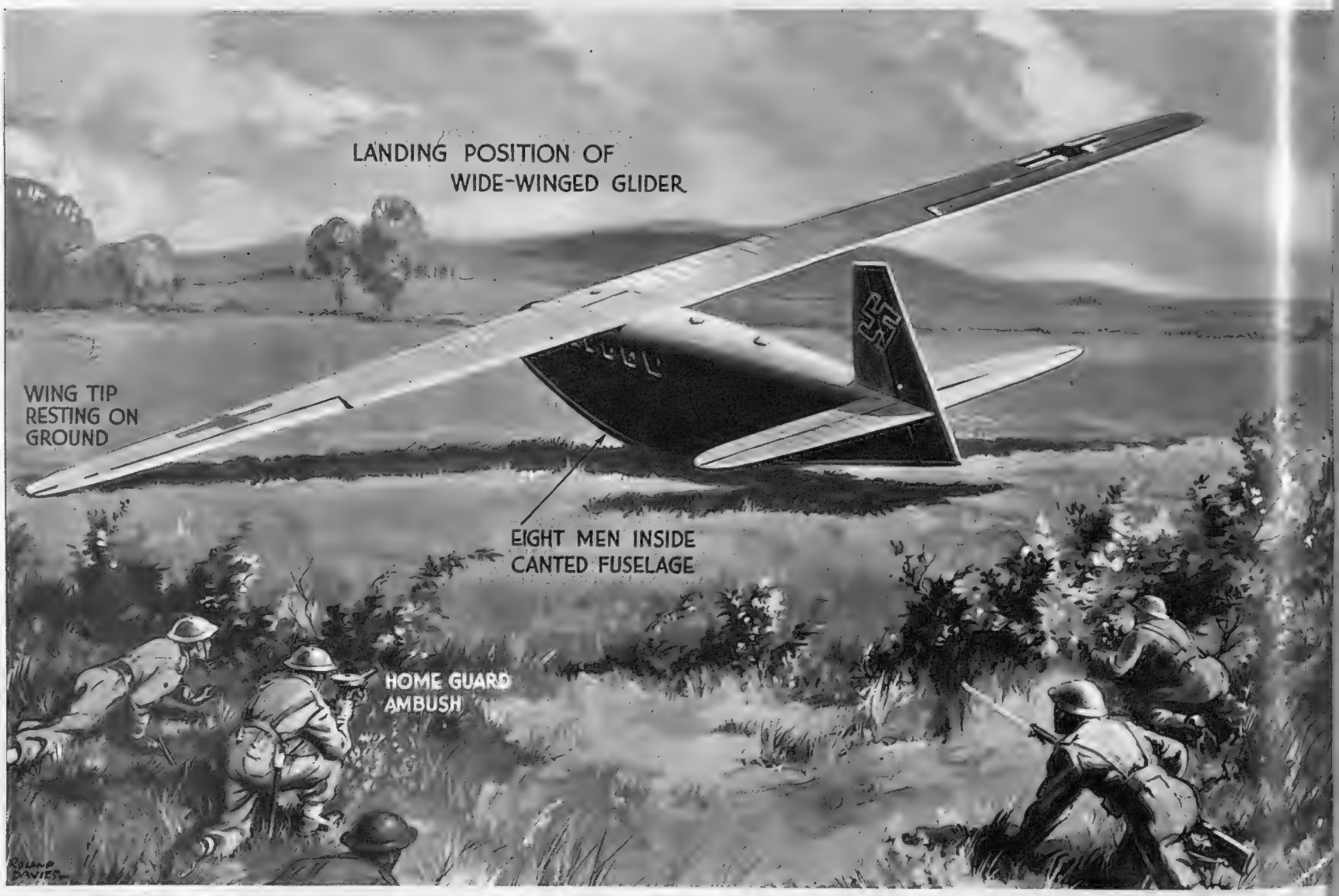
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

EXPERIENCES and LESSONS of the CRETE INVASION

THE FIRST GERMAN ATTEMPT AT A SEA-BORNE INVASION: British warships destroy the caiques and merchantmen in which a landing was attempted—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THERE WERE NO SEA-BORNE ENEMY TROOPS IN CRETE

So far as is known, the Germans made two serious attempts to carry out an invasion of the island from the sea. Both were repelled by the Royal Navy, one with terrible losses to the enemy. These losses were estimated at over 4,000 men. This large German convoy was made up of sailing caiques (a Greek vessel used throughout the Levant) and small merchantmen convoyed by a single Italian destroyer. It was completely dispersed and sunk. "We sank them with 4-in. guns and pom-poms," said the captain of one British cruiser. "Our cruisers and destroyers rammed them. The sea was full of thousands of Germans. Some of the caiques tried to evade the attack by hiding the soldiers they were carrying below decks and flying the Greek flag. The sweep was continued until no more caiques could be seen"



AT THE MOMENT OF LANDING THE GLIDER IS VERY VULNERABLE: In this country Home Guards could deal very adequately with them—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

GLIDERS IN CRETE —A Definite Failure

"Gliders were a failure," writes the Cairo correspondent of *The Times* on June 1, "though strangely they look more ominous in the sky than the parachutists. I saw the first four gliders—big ones with 70-ft. wing-spread—come over Suda Bay promontory. It seemed as if they were diving straight on top of me. But in the last minute they banked and wheeled over the hilltop. Hurrying up there I found all four gliders crashed and every man—there were some sixty altogether—killed." Another correspondent points out that the angle at which gliders land may prove very awkward for quick landing of troops. Of course, under German "rush" methods the wings may break and the angle may be steeper. The door may jam and some precious seconds are provided in which troops or Home Guard may rush forward. In Crete, a swift attack on the glider or parachutist often succeeded in obtaining possession of a useful supply of both tommy-guns and ammunition. The German troop-carriers can also each tow anything from two to four or five gliders, each of which might also carry from fourteen to fifteen men. In Crete the Germans apparently used a mixed collection of gliders, many of them of a small type capable of carrying no more than six or eight men

THE COMING OF THE PARACHUTISTS IN CRETE: Despite the general opinion, Crete was not captured by parachutists, but by the air-borne troops who followed later in large air transports—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

CRETE WAS NOT CAPTURED BY PARACHUTISTS

In the public mind it is generally assumed that Crete was captured by parachutists: this was not the case, however. The first landings made on the island were easily countered by the British and Imperial Forces and the parachutists were all being successfully rounded up when the *real* invasion—by air-borne infantry, as opposed to parachutists proper—began to arrive in such numbers that they quickly established an ascendancy. The role of the parachutists was to secure landing-fields for the men who were to follow on. In this they were to a certain extent successful, but they would never have been able to overwhelm the defence on their own. To begin with, their losses and casualties were enormous. As is now well known, a large proportion of parachutists never reached the ground—being shot down in mid-air. Others broke their ankles and legs as they landed; and great numbers were dashed to earth when their parachutes failed to open. Actually, according to our own men, the parachutist is a very vulnerable object during his descent and for a few minutes after landing. But the air-borne infantry provided quite another story!

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SEES FOR HIMSELF

HOW GENERAL WAVELL INSPECTS HIS FAR-FLUNG FORCES IN THE MIDDLE EAST—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

A picture which shows one of the methods of transportation employed by General Wavell. His preoccupations in the Middle East are widespread; on occasions, therefore, he has to employ aircraft, warships, motor-launches, and other means to visit his far-flung lines

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

A GESTAPO POLICE FORCE FOR FRANCE

Admiral Darlan's Newest Idea for the Building Up of his Fascist State: the Reorganisation of the French Police Force on German Lines for the Control of Thought and Opinion Throughout the Region Governed by Vichy

Described by
FERDINAND TUOHY

BEHIND Vichy's announcement that it proposes to set up "the best police force in the world" is a scheme to coerce French people into fulfilment of the new official policy of all aid to Hitler. A repressive and inquisitorial Police State is to be Darlan's answer to promptings of honour and conscience which bid French people yet to heed Mr. Churchill's summons of last autumn: "If you cannot help us, at least do not obstruct us."

By making himself his own Minister of the Interior, Darlan saw to it that the police were directly under him. Some time ago he delegated to a commission, headed by Lucien Romier, editor of the *Figaro*, the task of recasting the police system so that it should correspond with the reorganisation of non-occupied France into provinces—each province to have a Governor who will more closely resemble a super-policeman. It is hoped that, once established in the south, the Germans will allow the Police State to be introduced in the north also.

Sufficient headway has been made to enable Darlan to present his police over the radio. They have cars with wireless, and Tommy-guns and tear-gas, and a printing apparatus for high-speed delivery of permits. They will impart authority and order, and go on the track of anti-national elements.

Now, to begin with, no place less requires extra policing than Unoccupied France. One can even gainfully quote the *Völkischer Beobachter* which recently referred to the "paralysing lethargy" that still besets the French who, it is earnestly hoped, may for their own sakes start "recovering consciousness." Every account bears this out. Exception made of the pro-Boche minority who are trying to make collaboration with Hitler work, the French have never been more quelled, less *méchants*. The majority go about their daily routine in a detached manner. They have two immediate preoccupations: to get their million and a-half menfolk back from Germany, and to come by their due in food and basic requisites. Life has become localised in a high degree, a succession of little worlds unto themselves. People ask nothing more than to be left alone in them.

A neutral friend back from "Unoccupied" confirms this. What struck him most at the end was the extreme caution in town and country alike. These French, so used to airing their views in places like cafés, will not be drawn into expressing opinions or sentiments one way or the other. They've stopped referring in public to "Phillippe le Gaga," and they pass on what they've heard from the B.B.C. only after making sure that nobody is eavesdropping. The last thing they want is trouble of any kind.

Yes, but the Fascist State has got to be built. Or so says Darlan. Already a year has gone by and the Germans are growing impatient. They want tangible evidence that France has changed its tune, coat, everything. They complain, on the contrary, that they are unable to engender a friendly feeling inside the French. Worse, they suspect that most French still hope for a British victory and might even begin working for it did it come closer as a possibility. "And that," decides Darlan, "has not only got to be nipped in the bud. There must be police supervision to ensure the fullest co-operation of French workers, so that my armament and other commitments to Hitler shall be executed."

In reality, a Vichy version of the Gestapo is being moulded. Laval tried to do as much last summer, when young French Fascists suddenly appeared on guard. But even the motley political crew which had rallied to Vichy was not yet ready for that. Now all and sundry have got to be, with Darlan's crossing of the Rubicon—or Rhine. The backbone of his police will be the Mobile Guards supported by recruits drawn from the heftier young French Fascists. The Mobile Guards are a tough and arrogant lot, long nursed in the Fascist tradition and kept at arm's length by the population; but I'll return to that aspect. Darlan's incorporation of French Fascists is the arresting symptom. Much the same is happening in Belgium, with the difference that the Rexists are being employed directly by the Gestapo, with a view to checking sabotage and "go slow" in the factories.

"Sabotage has so far increased," comes the latest report, "that production has fallen to 30 per cent. of the pre-war figures, though many factories are working 24 hours a day. Valuable machinery has been smashed by nails. Barges loaded with military stores have been fired or sunk in canals. Munition dumps and warehouses have also been fired, and the canals themselves been damaged."

There you have the first thing Darlan hopes to break with the aid of his new police. Every twenty-four hours that go by, German superiority in vital machines is being enhanced by work in French factories, foundries and shipyards, by French-imported raw materials, and by French-operated mines, power-stations, oil refineries and transport services. Darlan aims at greatly increasing the tempo—as from a present 25 per cent. output only—of tanks and aircraft for the Germans, and is establishing a lynx-eyed watch and wider inquisition so that any who impede progress by act or talk shall "pass out of circulation."

It follows that Darlan's police will invade the homes and private lives of French people far more than in the past, when they were pretty hot at it. A check is bound to be kept on how men and women are talking, reacting, thinking. Anything that conduces to a resisting frame of mind will be taken in hand. The new police have expert teachers at their elbow in the shape of the Gestapo, which has been installed for months all over Unoccupied France. How to reduce a civilian population to so many nervous automata—the Nazis can teach all that to their French pupils.

Subsidiary duties include the whipping of youth into the Labour Camps, where not more than 60 per cent. are thus far submitting to the Fascist imprint; the provision of bodyguards to prevent Darlans and Lavals and lesser fry being "bumped off"; and making a mobile display of police strength from place to place. A beginning has been made with round-ups of Communists, this still being considered the surest way of pleasing Hitler, whose firm deals with Stalin are conveniently overlooked. Bearing down on Communists is, moreover, a sure card with a majority of the French people.

Many foreigners, Jews and stateless ones are also Sahara-bound. It must be small fun being a foreigner in France at this juncture unless one is German or belongs to a country whose leaders have bound it to Hitler. The French police always were known for their xenophobia, despite the fact that looking after four million foreigners provided thousands of their kind with jobs fattened by constant appeasing—bribes from the foreigners.

As stepping-stones to Africa there are concentration camps, and the best way for foreigners to keep out of them is to take no part in anything, and do exactly what they are told. These camps have an odd history. Created to take the Spanish Republicans, they were filled with "Great German" nationals at the outbreak of war, and later, with all sorts of foreigners under Fouche's *loi des suspects*. Stranger things could happen than that they should yet take French people.

For there has existed no more unpopular body, as a whole, than the police, and resistance cannot be ruled out should they go too far in trying to fasten "collaboration" on people who still shrink from the word "Allemand."

Heretofore there have been three kinds of police in France: the State Police (or gendarmes on general view), the Sûreté Nationale (or Scotland Yard) and the Mobile Guards. All were varyingly disliked and herded under the common and uncomplimentary label of "*les flics*." The main idea of an average French citizen was to keep away from *flics*, but to be ready to appease them whenever this should be necessary. Of course, there were good fellows, usually in the lower ranks, but, viewed in the round, the demise of the Third Republic found its police overbearing and often brutal, corrupt and open to a lively variety of graft.

Too many were hard-drinking bullies who had qualified as N.C.O.s and thought as little of beating up civilians ("*passer à tabac*") as of entering into nest-feathering relations with gangsters, dope traffickers, and brothel keepers. To feather one's nest at the public's expense—that was the idea and the public knew it and resented the privilege these men enjoyed in a hard existence, the allowances, and housing, the free schooling and travel the tax exemption and final pension.

One could trace a swift police deterioration from Chiappe's tenure of the head Paris post. A Corsican and therefore corrupt, he put Corsicans everywhere. On the strength of large sums extorted from Stavisky, he gave lavishly to police funds, got pay increased, and had a coddled Paris force augmented to 20,000. This was much in excess of requirements, and there's no doubt Chiappe's aim was to forge a Fascist-minded force. How far he did so, time may tell. But we do know that one of Paul Reynaud's last acts was to order the arrest of high police officials along the Belgian frontier, and that after the catastrophe police had often to run for it.

The Mobile Guards, on whom Darlan is principally relying, are uniformly tough guys in the twenty-five-forty stage, and despite their regular army experience they passed untouched through last year's collapse. They were being held by Weygand "to deal with disorders," which never arose amid that desperate misery. Daladier, in one of his authoritarian moods, increased the Mobile Guards by many regiments and distributed them throughout the country. He meant them as a military arm to suppress civilian disturbances.

Once his "best police force in the world" begins to show results of a kind the Germans await, Darlan hopes to be allowed to re-create an air force in metropolitan France.

An aroma of Fascism hung about this force in the past. Back in 1936 the Left suspected it was being nursed as a projected weapon of French Fascism, there was a flock of dismissals, and the sturdy republican ex-ranker, Vuillemin, was placed in charge. Vuillemin's idea was to blow politics clean out of the air force. Significantly, Vichy retired him "at his own request" last summer, and the former suspected Fascists, Generals Pujo, Bergeret and Têtu, are to-day back in the saddle. And significantly, too, the Germans have lately extended to *L'Aviation* the same consideration they've been showing to naval personnel.

Police-Aviation-Marine. Such is the Darlan trinity, on which he aspires to erect his *État Français* born of treachery at home and abroad.

THE FAMOUS PARIS TAXIS ARE SCARCE NOW—BICYCLE TAXIS ARE TAKING THEIR PLACE: The most universal form of transport in Paris under Nazi rule is shown here—the bicycle-taxi. In the old days Paris taxis were famous for the furious manner in which they were driven. All that is now a thing of the past, owing to the tremendous scarcity of petrol, which has all been requisitioned for the Nazi war machine. The Paris taxi-drivers now pedal their fares around in these quaint contraptions: the one on the left, it should be noted, holds no fewer than three passengers

Drawing by E. G. Lambert

ONE OF THE STRANGEST AERODROMES IN THE MIDDLE EAST: The landing-ground at Palmyra in Syria, within sight of the ruins of Zenobia's ancient city

It is odd that the Germans should have chosen Palmyra for one of their centres in Syria, for here are to be found some surprising contrasts of ancient and modern. Overlooking the aerodrome itself is the conical hill depicted by our artist: this is crowned with a Moslem castle, which dates back to the days when the Moslems conquered Syria after the country had become a Christian colony. Long before that, however, Palmyra had achieved fame as the capital of Zenobia, the Syrian Queen who ruled in the third century B.C., and who had the ambitious design of creating an independent Empire embracing all Syria, Asia and Egypt. The ruins of her city still stand: and in front of the stately ruins runs the modern pipe-line from the Iraq oil-fields to the French port of Tripoli. No oil flows through the pipe-line to-day, however, as it was cut last year when the French dropped out of the war. Within the past few weeks the R.A.F. have carried out bombing raids on the aerodrome at Palmyra, to counter the German landings and concentrations there

The GERMANS in ANCIENT SYRIA

The Bombing of Palmyra Aerodrome by the R.A.F.

In ancient times—from about A.D. 100 up to the fourteenth century—Palmyra was a wealthy and magnificent city of Northern Syria, situated in an oasis on the northern edge of the Arabian Desert about 150 miles from Damascus. It is now remembered mainly through its association with Zenobia, the ambitious queen who had visions of creating a mighty empire.

To-day it would seem that Palmyra has been taken over by the Germans—or at least the aerodrome there. And this without any opposition from the French. In consequence, the R.A.F. have been paying considerable attention to this ancient site, bombing the aerodrome and the German aircraft now in occupation of it.

SLOGGING ACROSS THE SYRIAN PLAINS NEAR PALMYRA: This picture shows a typical Syrian camel caravan, traversing the plains on the outskirts of Palmyra, the ancient city of Queen Zenobia. At this spot, with its good aerodrome now in use by the Germans, the R.A.F. have been very busy of late!

ON THE EDGE OF THE SYRIAN DESERT, beyond Baalbek and Damascus: These curious dwellings, excavated from the rock, are to be seen at Madain Saleh. The Hedjaz railway runs near this village on its way to Medina and Mecca

A ROCK-CUT TOMB AT MADAIN SALEH, on the edge of the Syrian desert, where there are a number of outcroppings of rock rising abruptly from the desert level. Legend has it that these rocks were inhabited by desert-dwellers 5,000 years ago

THE STRATEGIC POSITION IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN—the new situation caused by the German occupation of the Island of Crete: Doubtless within a very short while we shall know what the next German step in the Eastern Mediterranean is to be—if it has not already been announced! By the occupation of Crete, the area of conflict now seems to be confined within a parallelogram bounded on the west by Crete and Tobruk and on the east by Libya and Palestine. Cyprus, however, lies right in the middle of the northern portion of this area. It will be observed from the above diagram that to the north the enemy is well supplied with air bases—these are in Greece, the Dodecanese Islands (nominally Italian, but obviously at the disposal of the Germans) and Crete. In addition, there are the aerodromes at Aleppo and Palmyra in Syria. These are supposed to be under French control, but no one believes that they are now other than German, if and when the enemy decides to throw off the mask and take them over entirely. To counter German air moves in the Middle East, the British have good aerodromes and considerable forces in Palestine, Trans-jordan, in the Suez zone, and in Egypt. A study of the distances marked on the above diagram will prove of interest in connection with further Middle East strategy

PRIESTS OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH OF CYPRUS in the courtyard of the Monastery of St. Neophytos near Paphos: The priests are awaiting the arrival of an infant for baptism. The ceremony is so elaborate and includes washing the child in consecrated oil, that it takes nearly two hours to perform. Relatives and guests hold lighted candles throughout the ceremony, and these drip copiously on to the pavement throughout

THE MOUNTAINOUS SCENERY OF THE WESTERN COAST OF CYPRUS: Between the bays of Khrysochou and Morphou, which are connected by a road that clings to the coast and gives a very fine series of changing land- and seascapes. On the right are the foothills of the mountain mass of Troödos, the summer resort of Cyprus, and also of Palestine, Egypt and the Sudan

THE GREAT ABBEY OF BELLAPAISE NEAR KYRENIA, ON THE NORTHERN SIDE OF CYPRUS: It was built in the first half of the fourteenth century when the island was under the control of the Kings of Jerusalem, and remains to-day in a wonderfully complete state, despite the many invasions and changes of ownership of the island. The sea is about two miles away on the left, and the windows of the monastery command a magnificent view of the snow-clad Taurus Mountains in Asia Minor, the intervening strip of sea usually looking like a broad blue lake

THE MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND OF CYPRUS

The British Possession in the Eastern Mediterranean which Lies Athwart the Enemy's Route to Syria and the East

A HINGE OF BRITISH STRATEGY IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN : The Island of Cyprus

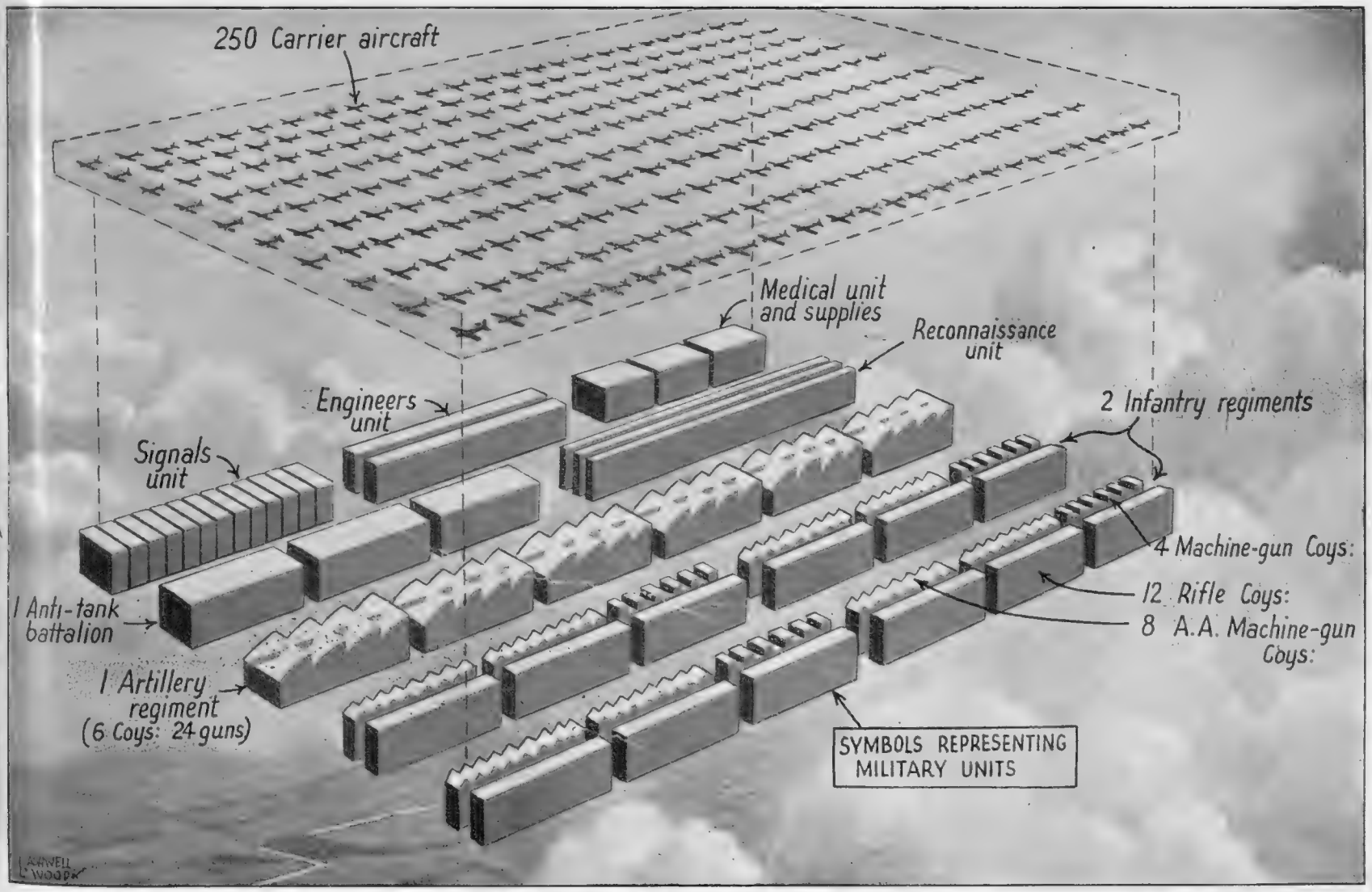
Cyprus is the third largest island in the Mediterranean, the other two being Crete and Malta. It is 148 miles long, and its width varies from 35 miles to 50 miles : although there are rocky portions, it is stated that the central plains are suitable for aircraft landings. Nicosia, in the centre of the island, is the capital, the chief ports being Limasol and Larnaca. To the south-east is the new harbour at Famagusta, described as a naval base.

The drawing by Mr. Wood reproduced below shows the composition of the air Panzer Divisions, of the type which the Germans are reported to have landed in Syria, at Latakia. For the transportation by air of such a Division some 250 large transport aircraft are necessary, each machine being expected to make three or four journeys when speed of operation is necessary.

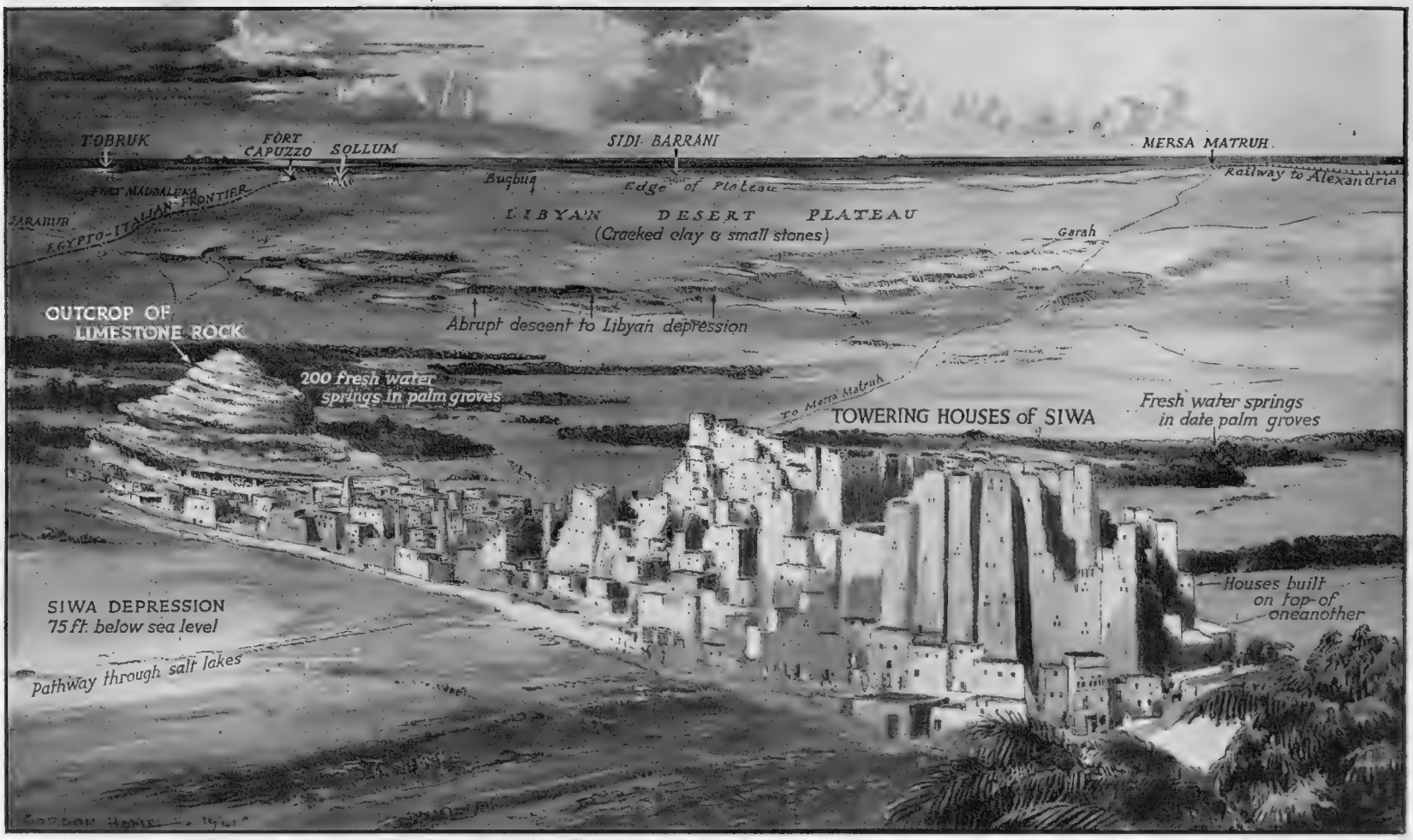
"An air-borne Division," writes one authority, "comprises two infantry regiments smaller in size than the normal infantry regiments ; one artillery regiment, with twenty-four 75-mm. mountain guns ; one anti-tank battalion, equipped with 37-mm. guns ; and a divisional reconnaissance unit, together with signals and engineers." The infantry regiments are organised in battalions, each of three rifle companies and one machine-gun company. One infantry gun company in each regiment is equipped with four 75-mm. infantry guns. There are two motor anti-aircraft machine-gun companies and also motor-cycle despatch riders, police and medical and supply personnel. The chief characteristic of these battalions is that they have a very much higher proportion of officers and N.C.O.s than ordinary troops.

THE KYRENIA GATE OF NICOSIA, CAPITAL OF CYPRUS : This is the northern entrance to the capital, and those who come by train from the port of Famagusta arrive by it. The great wall built by the Venetians is now cut away on both sides to give freedom for modern traffic. Eucalyptus-trees provide pleasant shade outside the wall and moat

THE MOSQUE OF THE STANDARD-BEARER ON THE IMPOSING VENETIAN FORTIFICATIONS OF NICOSIA : This mosque was erected in memory of the first Turkish standard-bearer to place his flag on the walls of the town during the famous siege of 1570. The circle of fortifications built by the Venetians to make the capital impregnable was, however, unable to hold out for more than six and a half weeks against the Turks



AN AIR-BORNE PANZER DIVISION SUCH AS THE GERMANS ARE REPORTED TO HAVE LANDED IN SYRIA : This differs considerably from a land Panzer Division ; it is composed of the elements shown above, which are here given in diagram form—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood* (see *also notes above on left*)



ISOLATED IN THE MIDST OF THE LIBYAN DESERT, THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL OASIS AND DESERT TOWN OF SIWA

A drawing by Gordon Home (one of the few Englishmen familiar with this very little-known region)

The ASTONISHING OASIS of SIWA

South of Sollum and Sidi Barrani Lies this little-known Oasis which may, at any moment, be Threatened by War

THE remote little desert town of Siwa, which lies some two hundred miles south of Sollum and Sidi Barrani (a mere trifle in these days of mechanisation !), seems likely at any moment to be drawn into the whirlpool of the war in north-east Africa, should the Germans and Italians decide to drive down to the south of their present lines in Libya.

Until quite recent years, it was a difficult matter to find anyone who knew of Siwa, and still harder to discover an individual who had been there; even now, Europeans able to describe this fantastic oasis-town from their own observation are few enough.

The place has a population of from 3,000 to 4,000, and consists of a number of oases that surround an outcrop of limestone rock on which the town has been built after the manner of a giant ant hill. All the houses are constructed of mud and salt, with here and there stones from the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, whose ruins are near at hand.

In process of time the mud has become almost as hard as stone, and the method of piling one house upon another against the steep sides of rock has had remarkable results. Mr. C. D. Belgrave, who was stationed at Siwa when he was in the Egyptian Camel Corps, and knew the place very thoroughly, describes in his book on Siwa the architectural peculiarities of the place, and how, owing to the necessity of making the walls much thicker at the base than at the top, most of the houses, and especially the minarets of the mosques, become narrower towards their summits.

THE CEMETERY IN SIWA OASIS: This is seen, in the large drawing above, on the extreme left of Siwa as one approaches the Oasis from the south-east

He describes the outer walls as forming "one great line of battlements, pierced by little groups of windows, encircling the town and rising sheer above the ground, in some places to a height of almost 200 ft." Instead of spreading outwards, the Siwans had built upwards. "As the population increased, more houses were built on the top of the old ones, and the town began to ascend into the air, house upon house, street upon street, and quarter upon quarter. . . . Fathers built houses for their sons above the parental abode, till their great-grandsons reached a dizzy height on the topmost battlements."

The result has been that, in process of time, the town has become a warren of houses connected by steep, twisting tunnels where the light is so dim that it is necessary to carry a lamp during the day. "When one meets people, groping along these tortuous passages," says Mr. Belgrave, "they loom into sight, silently, white robed, like ghosts, and pass with a murmured greeting to their gloomy homes."

When one emerges into the dazzling sunshine at the top of the rock, it is surprising to find, in a little open space surrounded by grim houses, an ancient well cut out of the solid rock. It contains excellent water, and its presence is no doubt due to the fact that Siwa is in a depression 72 ft. below sea-level.

In the belts of date-palms surrounding the town there are more than 200 springs, the great majority of which are of sweet water, although a brackish well may adjoin others that are fresh. The water varies from warm to cold, and it is thus possible to select the temperature of one's pool for bathing. Siwa, of course, owes its existence to this ample supply of water, and to the annual crop of dates that its palms provide.

Although very religious, the Siwans are to a great extent without morals. According to Mr. Belgrave, they are "hospitable, dishonest, lazy, picturesque, ignorant, superstitious, cheerful, cunning, easily moved to joy or anger, fond of intrigue and ultra-conservative." They are not Arabs, but belong to the early Berber population of North Africa, and have retained their purity of race in consequence of their isolation.

THE HANDSOME NEW MOSQUE IN SIWA, which has been named after the late King Fuad of Egypt

A CORNER OF SIWA VILLAGE, showing the typical mud buildings of the Oasis piled up one on the other

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

AFTER FIVE YEARS OF EXILE

The Emperor Haile Selassie Returns in Triumph to Addis Ababa

—A Series of Official Pictures

ON THE WAY TO THE BALCONY OF THE ROYAL PALACE: The Emperor has just inspected the Guard of Honour. He is here seen with General Cunningham, G.O.C. East Africa

MOUNTED ON A WHITE HORSE, the British officer who commanded the native Ethiopian troops throughout the campaign, leads the procession into the Abyssinian capital

NATIVE SCHOOLCHILDREN, WITH THEIR FLAGS, awaiting the passing of the Emperor through the streets of his capital, which he last saw five years ago

ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE CAPITAL the Emperor attended the Church of Ontotto: he is here seen leaving, with natives paying homage to their rightful ruler once again

ON THE BALCONY OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT ADDIS ABABA: The Emperor blesses his son, the Duke of Harar, after conferring on him the rank of Major-General

After five years to the very day, a beflagged and decorated Addis Ababa turned out to watch the Emperor, Haile Selassie, return in triumph to the capital of his liberated country. Scenes of great popular enthusiasm greeted him, and the day was marked by a military review outside the Royal Palace. A notable figure during the ceremonies on May 5 was General Cunningham, who commands the British forces in East Africa, who directed the campaign in Abyssinia, and who so notably assisted in the eventual triumph of the exiled Emperor

MEMBERS OF THE COPTIC CHURCH, with their regalia, awaiting the arrival of the Emperor in Addis Ababa

THE LATE SIR HUGH WALPOLE, who has just died at Keswick at the age of fifty-seven. Vernon Fane pays a tribute to this famous literary personage in his accompanying article

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

The PASSING of SIR HUGH WALPOLE

A Brief Pen-Portrait of the Herries Chronicler; Four Flying Books; Rupert Downing's Light Comedy; An American Heiress in Italy

THE first book on my list this week is the current choice of the Book Society, and the moment is not inappropriate to offer a tribute to the memory of that Society's first chairman, Sir Hugh Walpole. It was largely because of his enthusiasm and belief that he was performing a real service both to the reading public and to authors that the Book Society has now become an established literary institution in this country.

Walpole was almost the super-enthusiast, especially in the matter of the encouragement of young writers. Many an author whose reputation is established to-day has reason to be grateful for his vigorous and tenacious methods in championing and publicising the work of anyone who, in his opinion, showed promise. Sometimes these excursions got him into trouble with those who questioned his critical judgment. But while he himself was abnormally sensitive to criticism of his own work, he never seemed to mind, and rather appeared to enjoy, joining battle on behalf of one of his protégées.

He was an omnivorous devourer of the written word, and in addition to a vast store of knowledge of the whole range of English literature, he appeared to have read everything in the contemporary spate.

His own output was phenomenal. He kept up a steady flow of impressively sized novels, did an enormous amount of journalism, personally conducted a prodigious correspondence with all sorts and conditions of people, and even found time to write volumes of personalia which he circulated privately to his friends. Every word he wrote in his own hand. Walpole probably knew more about the technique of the novel than any one of his contemporaries, and he was always acutely aware of the shortcomings of his own work. He was, perhaps, proudest of his Herries Chronicles, but he might, if pressed, have agreed that some of his best work was to be found in others of his books.

On the surface he was a genial and expansive personality, but those who knew him best were aware of a streak of mordant melancholy in his character which was more than once revealed in his work. He loved success, and was unashamedly delighted with his Knighthood. Few, however, even among his intimates, knew the number of his acts of practical philanthropy.

He was loved by many, and the world of books will be impoverished by his passing.

WINGED WORDS (Heinemann. 8s.), the Book Society's choice referred to above, is a collection of broadcast talks given by R.A.F. officers and men over the period of the war, commencing in December 1939. The compiler disclaims any attempt to consider literary merit, but it is not for that sort of merit that this book will be read and treasured, I hope, by thousands.

These men say what they have to say, and tell their stories in their own words, and nobody will be able to read them without a quickening of the heart, and a pride in the achievements of those to whom we all owe so much.

Mr. A. B. Austin brings a practised pen, and an eye for dramatic values, in his survey of the work of the Fighter Command from the beginning of the war onwards. FIGHTER COMMAND (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is not only a glorious story of glorious deeds, but a valuable day-to-day account of the organisation and operational activities of that part of the R.A.F. which, in its own sphere, and under severe handicaps, has achieved superiority over the enemy.

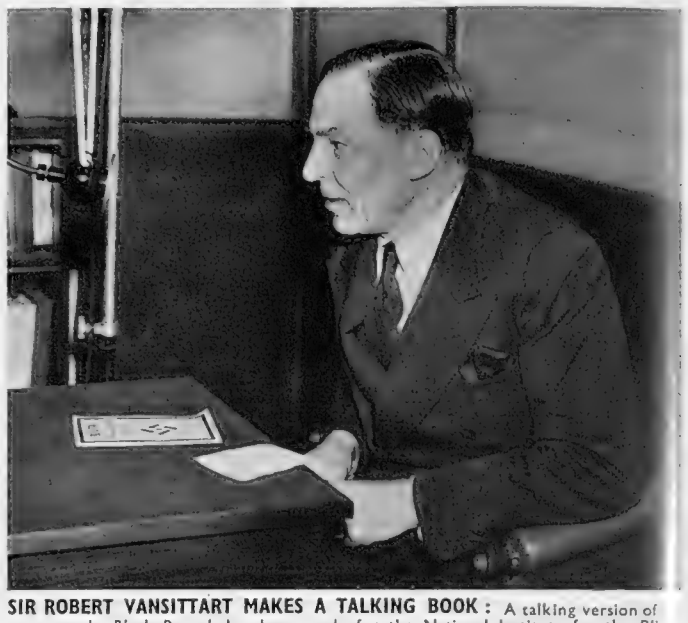
Mr. Austin has had unique facilities for the gathering of his data, and has made excellent use of them. Not the least interesting side of his story is his exposition of the development of strategy and tactics which have enabled Fighter Command to be masters of the air in daylight over these islands.

R.A.F. OCCASIONS (Cresset Press. 8s. 6d.) is another flying book of more than passing interest. The author, who modestly hides under the initials of "H. G.", writes with first-hand knowledge of the R.A.F. in 1917 and 1918, as well as in the present war. The book is described as a record of personal contacts and impressions, but it achieves a complete picture of life in the R.A.F., both in and out of action, through a cross-section of these impressions. The author is described as a journalist, playwright and dramatic critic. He is also a stylist.

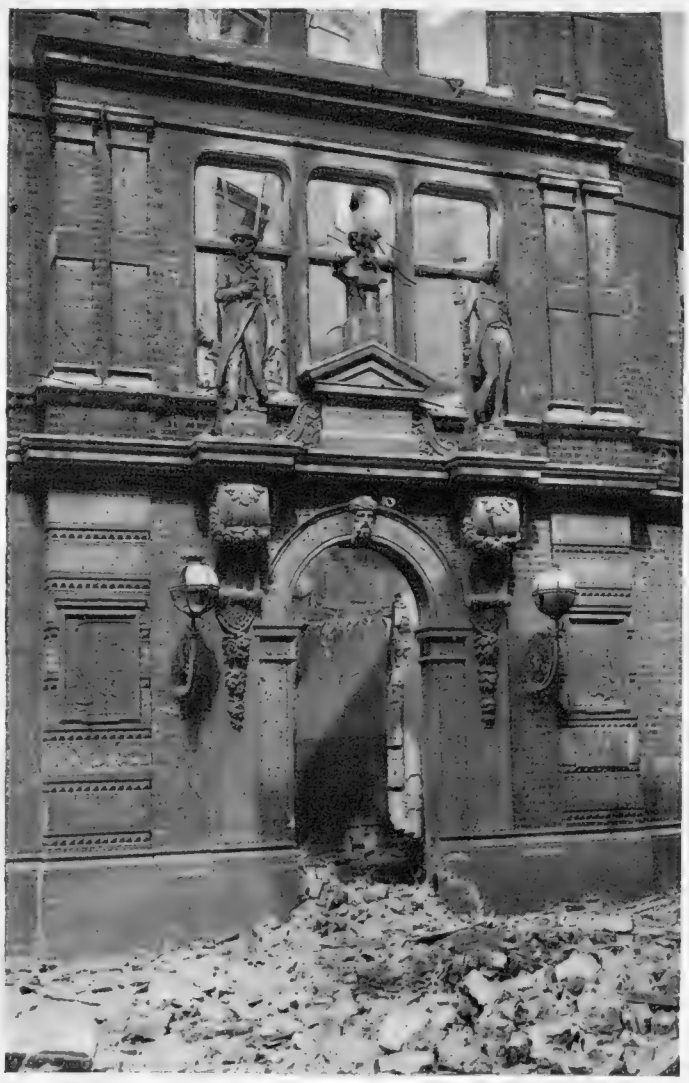
Mr. C. G. Grey, whose air commentaries need no introduction to readers of THE SPHERE, has produced a valuable book in BRITISH FIGHTER PLANES (Faber. 5s.). At first glance, this book looks as though it has a purely technical interest, but nothing that Mr. Grey writes can remain bogged for very long in technicalities, and his story of the development of the fighter aeroplane from the Camel, S.E.5, and Fokker of the last war to the Hurricane, Spitfire, Tornado and Whirlwind of the present war is a fascinating one.

In BATTLE OF BRITAIN, 1940 (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.), Mr. J. M. Spaight covers more ground than any attempted in the books mentioned above. He opens with the German air attack on this country, which began on June 18, 1940, reached its full fury in August of that year, and which is still proceeding. He writ with expert knowledge gained as an offic of the Air Ministry.

Mr. Spaight takes the battle step by st and examines the ebb and flow of atta and counter-attack in its varied phas Over this field he surveys not only t details and consequences of the first l attack, but examines the whole field aerial warfare, the threat of invasion, t blockade, coastal command and communi tion work, defence against air-borne troo and problems of day-and-night defenc It is a well-reasoned, careful and inspiri account of the work of the R.A.F.



SIR ROBERT VANSITTART MAKES A TALKING BOOK: A talking version of work, *Black Record*, has been made for the National Institute for the Bli The recording was carried out in a studio at the headquarters of St. Dunstar which shares with the Institute the cost of the Talking Book Scheme. *Bl Record* is a grave indictment of the German people, based on their own histc and on Sir Robert's personal experiences. It was first given to the public a series of B.B.C. talks, and has aroused great popular interest



ANOTHER LINK WITH DICKENS VANISHES IN THE "BLITZ": The portico and these two figures are all that now remains of the Saracen's Head, in Snow Hill, London; the rest has gone as the result of a recent enemy air raid. At the top centre is a badly-scarred bust of Charles Dickens; on each side are Squeers (on left) and Nicholas Nickleby (on right). The building stood on the site of the Saracen's Head hostelry, from which these two literary characters took coach to Yorkshire, as told in the famous novel

Those who, in these days, welcome tl relief of a light novel, and are prepared take it at its entertainment value, m strongly be recommended to GOD PARDON US, by Rupert Downing (Muller. 7s. 6d Mr. Downing sets out from the start to create an amusing confusion by calling both of his principal male characters Johnson. When Mr. Johnson fell in love with the wrong Mrs. Johnson, and *vice versa*, the complications prove to be excellent comedy

Add to these a bridge-playing mamma, with a daughter who had looks and self-assurance enough to do a bit of marauding on her own, as well as an elderly relative with a roving eye, and his wife who knew enough to be up to his and everybody else's tricks, and you have the ingredients for a most entertaining comedy.

Mr. Downing takes neither his story, his characters nor the reader too seriously. He is able to provoke many a laugh by his sallies and an appreciation from one reader, at least, of occasional shafts of real wit.

NOT FOR LOVE (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) is also entertaining, though on steadier and more conventional lines. Mrs. Alice Duer Miller has thought of the one about the young and beautiful American heiress who is swept off her feet by an Italian prince, and carried off to his castle on the blue Adriatic. It was all terribly romantic and attractive, until it began to dawn on Gennie that she was nothing but a prisoner in a draughty old castle. It was easier to walk in than to get out, and all sorts of sinister things began to happen, culminating in a point when she was threatened with actual danger. It is an easy-flowing story.

WINDSOR CASTLE

LAND OF TRADITION . . . .

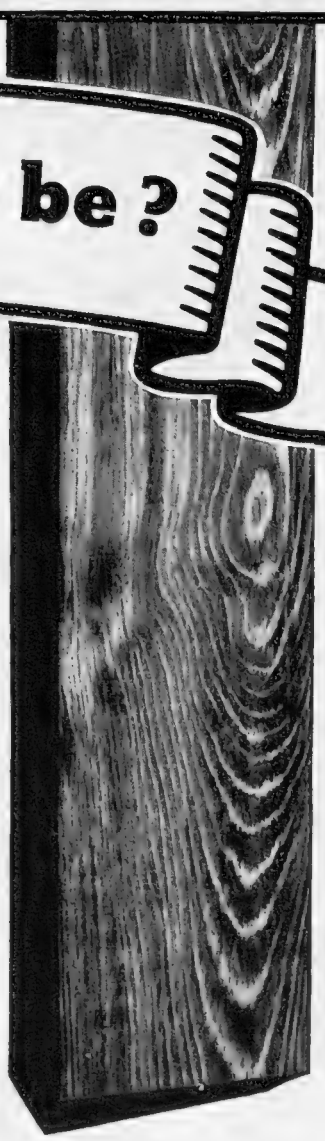
. . . WHERE

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

BISCUITS

will always be pre-eminent

Which is it to be?



Rotting wood ..... or good Sound Timber?

THE ANSWER LIES IN YOUR HANDS—AND A DRUM OF SOLIGNUM.

No unprotected timber is ever safe from infestation by Dry-rot spores and the consequent damage Dry-rot causes. In tropical climates the added menace of White Ants makes it still more important that timber should be safely protected against these pests. Unprotected roof beams, floor joists and other structural woodwork are liable to attack also by Death-Watch Beetle. There is, however, one certain protection against all the enemies of timber—Solignum Wood Preserving Stain. Repairs and renewals are costly. Avoid this expense by timely treatment with Solignum, the leading Wood Preservative, used throughout the world for more than thirty-five years.

SOLIGNUM

WOOD PRESERVING STAIN AND WHITE ANT DESTROYER

FREE: SEND A POST CARD FOR COLOUR CARD A8

SOLIGNUM LTD., DONINGTON HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
INDIAN OFFICE: 25, SWALLOW LANE, CALCUTTA

and now

'Konerays'

made up in

YOUR OWN MATERIALS

HERE is a new and special service offering you genuine "KONERAY" Pleated Skirts in suitable materials you have chosen and bought yourself. Simply bring 1⅞ yds. of 54-in. cloth (if over 42-in. hips, please add ⅛-yd. for every extra 2 ins.) to any good draper or store stocking "GOR-RAY" Skirts. Within a reasonable period you will have your personal made-to-measure, fashionable length "KONERAY," complete with those incomparable graduated knife-edge pleats all round which taper off so intriguingly into a slim-fitting hip-line. Price? One Guinea ONLY.

Issued by C. STILLITZ
Leamington Spa, Warwickshire

GOR-RAY

"Koneray"

PATENT PENDING

PLEATED SKIRTS

A GENTLEMAN always looks well dressed in Savile Row Clothes, Uniforms, Overcoats, Lounge, Dress Suits, new or worn once, by Lesley and Roberts, Scholte, Hawes and Curtis, etc. 4—10 Gns.
REGENT DRESS CO. (second floor),
17, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1 (Next Café Monico)

AERTEX

CORSETRY

UNDIES

BLOUSES

When you have finished with this journal, please remember to hand it in over the counter of your nearest Book-Collecting Post Office, unwrapped, unaddressed and unstamped, for free transmission to the men and women of our Fighting Forces.

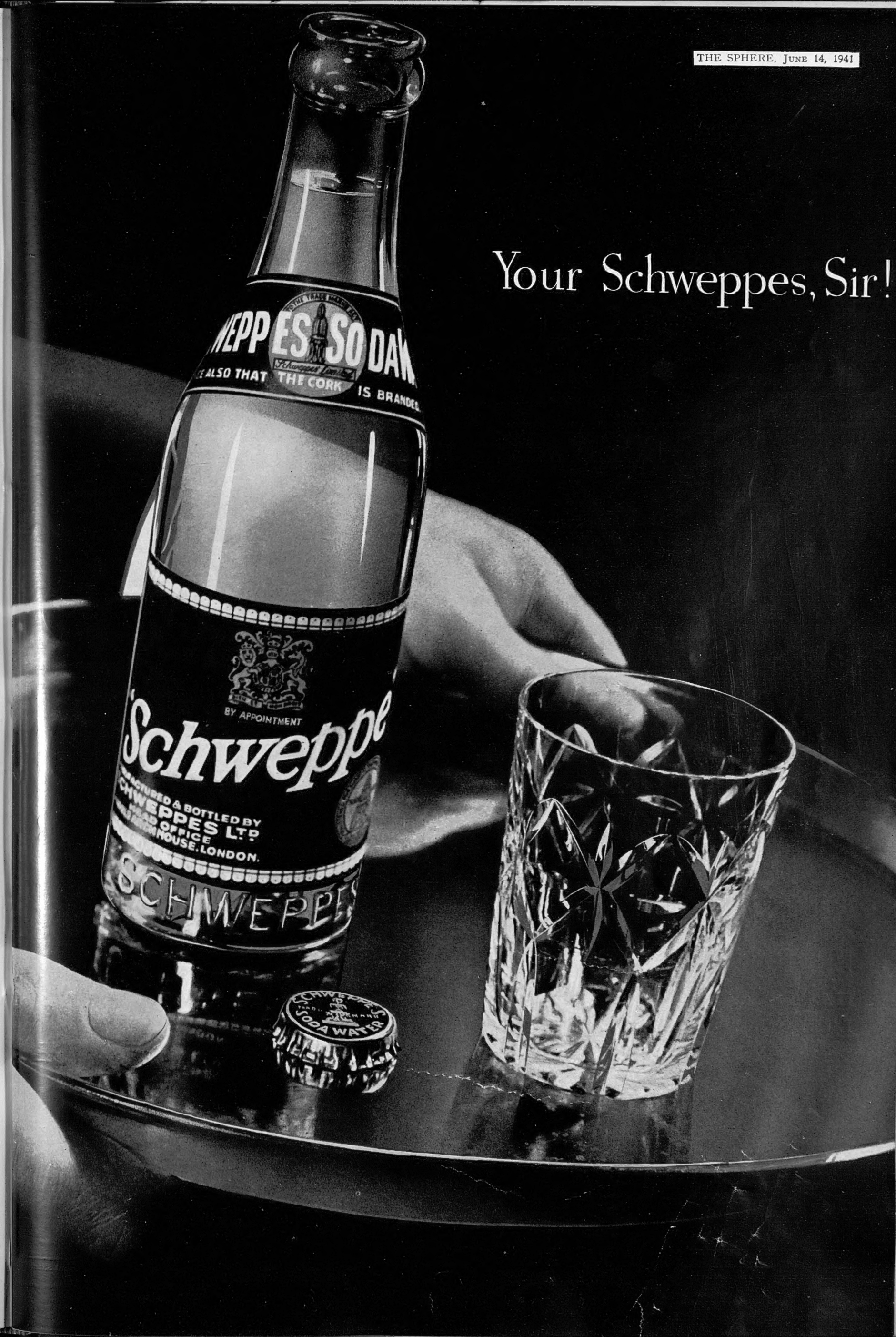
THE BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

earnestly appeals for help

to enable them to keep pace with the urgent and increasing cost of maintaining Homes and Hostels in ports all over the Empire for our Seafarers' needs.

Donations welcomed by Hon. Treasurer, The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14. Mr. Herbert E. Barker, Gen. Secretary.

Your Schweppes, Sir!



BURBERRY NAVAL EQUIPMENT

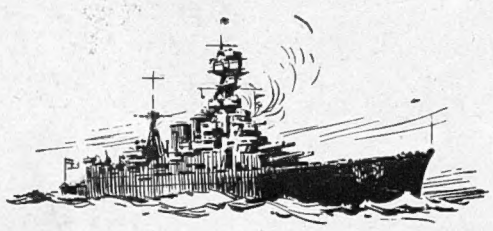
The unceasing battles of the Atlantic and the Eastern Mediterranean are epic tributes to the sterling qualities of the Royal Navy.

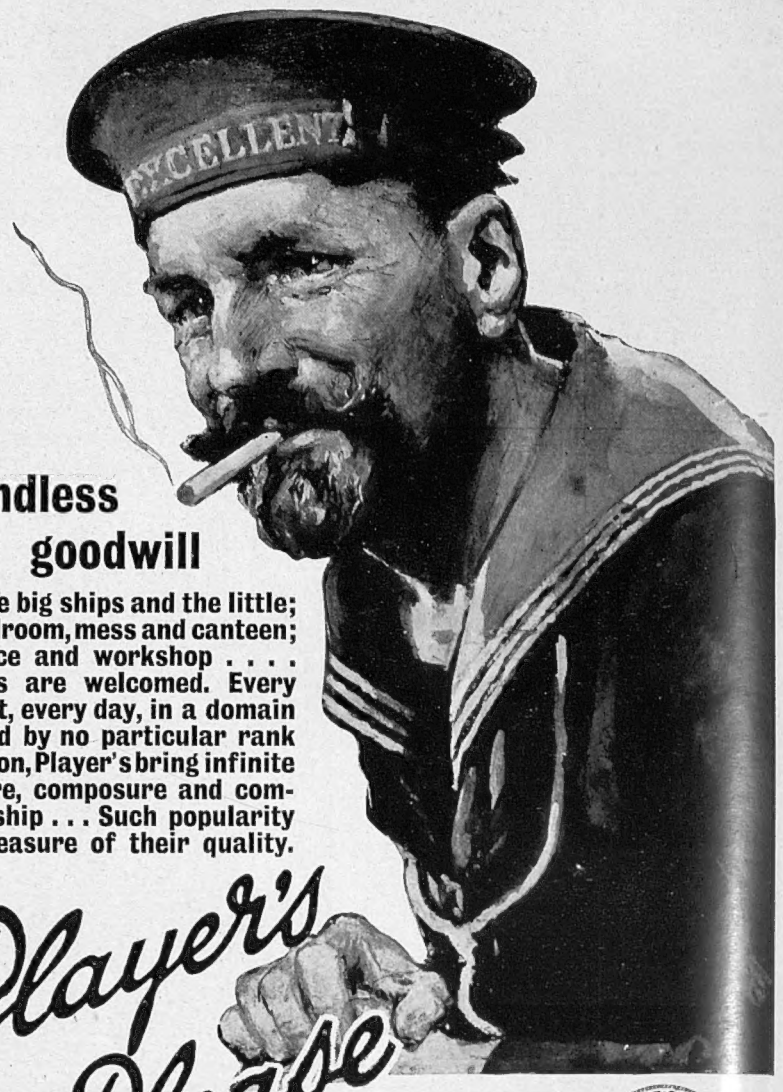
Burberrys are proud to be connected with these world-shaping events. In every sphere of naval conflict you will find Officers equipped by Burberrys to withstand the rigours of winter or summer climates, the biting night winds, the rapid transition from Arctic to Equatorial zones.

Burberry Naval Kit has a supremacy of its own—defeats every form of climatic aggression.

Send for Burberry Services Booklet RN.51 (fully illustrated). 'Phone: WHI 3343. Telegrams: Burberry, Lesquare, London.

BURBERRYS LTD.
HAYMARKET
LONDON, S.W.1
Aldershot & Basingstoke





Boundless goodwill

In the big ships and the little; in wardroom, mess and canteen; in office and workshop . . . . Player's are welcomed. Every moment, every day, in a domain bounded by no particular rank or station, Player's bring infinite pleasure, composure and companionship . . . Such popularity is a measure of their quality.

Player's Please

★ It is now more than ever necessary to empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS

NC 5588

IN DURANCE VILE

The Prime Minister
has described how, when he was a Prisoner of War in Boer hands, "life was one long boredom from dawn till slumber." The hours crawled like "paralytic centipedes."

42 Years Later
another British Prisoner of War writes from the German Prison Camp Stalag-Luft:

"It is the mental stagnation which is so difficult to combat. Life here is just the same. I never know the date or even the month. We just live for the next letter or parcel."

●

Throughout the years free men have always hated the thought of captivity. We earnestly appeal to readers of "The Sphere" to help us carry on our work for the 44,000 British Prisoners of War. Countless letters home testify to the pleasure which our monthly parcels give—bringing the men new hope, and, above all, the knowledge that they are not forgotten.*

** This figure has, unhappily, increased since the conclusion of fighting in Greece.*

Donations, large or small, will be gratefully received by
MISS CHRISTINE KNOWLES, O.B.E., *Founder & Director,*

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOKS & GAMES FUND
Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1

NOTE.—Censorship regulations preclude our acceptance of gifts of books

KNOWN FOR 25 YEARS AS SPETON

GYNOMIN Brand
Regd. Trade Mark
ANTISEPTIC TABLETS
PRONOUNCED GUY-NO-MIN

ENDORSED BY MEDICAL PROFESSION

British made and British owned exclusively by
Coates & Cooper Ltd., 94 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Free on request in plain sealed envelope, Brochure B.9 — "Planned Parenthood."

OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1941. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

ANSWERS TO TRAVEL CORRESPONDENTS

A. C., Finchley.—As you are looking for peaceful pastures where you can be sure of quiet days and reasonably quiet nights, I should try the following, especially as walking seems to be your favourite pursuit. Woodcote Hotel, Dulverton, Somerset; Chequers Hotel, Pulborough, Sussex; or, surprising as it may sound, Bury Green House, Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, which is only an hour from London by Green Line bus, and not twenty miles out. Yet there are miles of walks, and very little to disturb you at night. After London, it is like getting a small taste of Paradise.

E. M., London. S.W.1.—I cannot promise you sea bathing this year, though I expect there will be reserved spots in certain places. Under the circumstances I suggest you go to Sandy Cove Hotel, Berrynarbor Bay, near Ilfracombe, where they have a natural sea bathing-pool formed out of the rock. Incidentally, as you also pine for good food, the Rapkins, who run the hotel, pride themselves on interesting meals even though basic supplies are difficult. In short, like all good cooks, they welcome the opportunity of putting on their thinking-caps. They have a club licence, and you will find the hotel run on holiday-cruise lines.

W. R., High Wycombe.—Though you make no mention of price, here are two hotels which are suitable both for grown-ups and children. The first, Treglos Hotel, at Constantine Bay, near Padstow, Cornwall, is very first-class, licensed, overlooks the sea and Constantine Bay, has a tennis court, and is practically next door to the Trevose Links. On the other side of the estuary is the St. Moritz Private Hotel at Trebetherick, very handy to the St. Enedoc Links and close to the beaches at Polzeath. The latter would naturally be cheaper than the really first-class Treglos Hotel.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Old boys and girls trained by the above Society are in great numbers serving our Empire in the present struggle. There is at least one old *Arethusa* boy to be found in almost every vessel of the Royal and Merchant Navies, while on one cruiser alone ten *Arethusa* boys are to be found; seven are on a transport ship, and seven on a sister ship. Other old boys are serving in the Army, while many old girls are serving the Empire. Donations are urgently required to keep this fine work from curtailment. Legacies are also earnestly solicited. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Traditional Superiority

THE NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

Combines all the factors that one expects to find in a First Class Hotel.
RESTAURANT, GRILL ROOM, MEN'S BAR, RICHMONDE LOUNGE—the Social Rendezvous of Bournemouth—with Marcel Torrent and his Orchestra. Apartments each with P.O. Telephone and most with Private Bathroom. Telephone 7272 every room.
Resident Directors: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes

VICTORIA HOTEL A.A. R.A.C. FULLY LICENSED.
Equipped with every up-to-date convenience. Spacious Public Rooms, self-contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet. Vita Glass Sun Lounge. Cocktail Bar.
FACING DUE SOUTH AND THE SEA
THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS
The amenities and Mild Climate of SIDMOUTH are well known
FOR BOOKINGS and FULL INFORMATION, WRITE RESIDENT MANAGER.
Telegrams: VICTORIA, SIDMOUTH. Telephone: SIDMOUTH 811 (2 lines).
SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON

A Dual Sanctuary Mighty oaks and beeches to shield you from the prying eyes of the Luftwaffe. Absorbent red sandstone to guard you from the Season's ills. First-class golf course at front door; fishing, hunting, shooting readily to hand. Such is
HAWKSTONE PARK HOTEL
WESTON-UNDER-REDCASTLE Nr. SHREWSBURY
A fully licensed hotel for spring residence in the heart of Shropshire

Spend Your Leave
or Your Lifetime
at
THE GRAND, TORQUAY

Near enough to reach the City or the West End with ease. Far enough to be well clear of the smoke and noise of London. A 2-minute walk brings you to the station, a 37-minute ride lands you at
So Near and Yet so Far
Paddington, and at the end of the day you return to a homely hotel where *every bedroom has its own bathroom.* A hard tennis court in our own 12-acre grounds.
Inclusive terms from 5½ guineas per week.
GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD, BERKS.
Telephone: Twyford 106

BOURNE HALL HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH
YOU CANNOT DO BETTER FOR WARTIME OR SPRING RESIDENCE
Warm. Welcoming. Central.
Billiard Room and Bridge Rooms.
Plentiful Lounge Space. From 4 Gns.
Tel.: FIVE. Resident Directors: Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Bray

BUDOCK VEAN HOTEL
near Falmouth, S.W. CORNWALL
From 5 Gns. Suites from 7 Gns.
Come and enjoy the Spring sunshine and flowers which are with us now. Come away from war worries and sirens. A beautiful, warm, country-house hotel with ample lounge space. Own golf links, yachting, and boating. *Tel.:* MAWNAN SMITH 88.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales
An Excellent Hotel for a Wartime Break
With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding near by. Telephone: Deganwy 83358

Leave! What a glorious word! When it *does* come, make a note of
WOODCOTE HOTEL
DULVERTON—On the borders of Devon and Exmoor
Here you and your wife can LIVE, in every sense of the word. And if we are the losers at the special terms of 4 gns. each a week, we shall still love having you. Riding, Hunting, Shooting of the pleasant kind!

If QUANTITY is less, QUALITY remains in the Grill Room of
The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter
the social hub of Devon

WEST LODGE PARK HOTEL
In the heart of the country, yet but half an hour from Piccadilly Circus to Cockfosters. A country house of character and charm. Sixty acres of ground and not a roof in sight. Golf course at the drive gates. *Under the personal supervision of Mr. E. VICTOR, late of Whitehall Court. Tel. Barnet 0692.*
HADLEY WOOD, Near Barnet — HERTS. —

AND *NOW*, Mr. Business-Man! If you must stay within reach of Town during the war, why not make your base at
THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD
Frequent electric trains reach London in half an hour. A most comfortable, quiet hotel, a lovely garden. Telephone: 2271

Paignton
For your LEAVE or for PERMANENT RESIDENCE you will like The Redcliffe, a first-class Hotel in the sunniest part of Torbay.
REDCLIFFE HOTEL
Bridge. Dancing on Saturdays. Cocktail Lounge.

For PEACEFUL Spring Residence Plus the warmth and good fare of a first-class hotel—
QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE
With 100 bedrooms, modern bathrooms and lift we can offer you every comfort and a full southern aspect. From 4 gns. inclusive.
Telephone: 471/472 Telegrams: Seaward

FUIDGE MANOR, SPREYTON, MID DEVON
A full night's sleep seven days a week; for here in the heart of the country air raids are unknown. A Country House with every modern comfort plus Squash Court, large recreation room. Licensed Club room. 180 acres.
Telephone: Whiddon Down 205
From 5 gns. inclusive

The Dragon House
WASHFORD = SOMERSET
Strategically placed for Minehead, the Quantocks, and the sea at Blue Anchor. A homely hotel for holidays and spring residence. Country fare and country contentment. Tel.: Washford 215

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

IT is well known that conditions in the paper trade are difficult. This is particularly so in our case, because our Bronco Toilet Paper is so vastly superior in quality and (despite its higher price) so economical in use, that it enjoys wide distribution and a very large sale. In an endeavour to be fair to everyone, we have had to ration supplies to our Retail friends, and it is just possible that the Retailer from whom you are accustomed to buy your Bronco may be temporarily out of stock. We ask your indulgence, also, for the possible variation in shade and finish.

Approx. 700 sheets in every roll

Made only by—
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO., LTD.,
HACKNEY WICK . . . LONDON, E.9

Perfect!
A VANTELLA SHIRT
UNSHRINKABLE COLOUR-FAST
with a
VAN HEUSEN COLLAR
SUPER COMFORT MADE TO MATCH

E THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH
CHUBB SAFES
E THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

Good work—good whisky

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1941. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.